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OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

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The Traveller.

SCOTCH SCENERY.

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills.—*Burns.*

In conformity with the wish of a *North Briton*, we introduce into the *Kaleidoscope* a description of the Trossachs, and Loch Catherine, from "Spence's Sketches of the present Manners, Customs, and Scenery of Scotland," a perusal of which reminded us that we had visited this romantic part of Scotland about twenty years ago, and that we had committed to paper some memoranda of our tour. Upon examination, we found the manuscript, which we here transcribe, by way of preface to Spence's narrative, merely apprizing the reader that it was hastily written, without the most distant intention of future publication. The only merit it possesses is a scrupulous regard to truth, and with this single recommendation we shall proceed to lay it before our indulgent readers.

NOTES FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL.

On my arrival at Edinburgh went to visit Mr. M. a St. James's-square, who insisted upon my taking up my quarters with him. He is what is here called Dean of Guild, whose office is only inferior to that of the Lord Provost. I mention this circumstance, because it was the means of procuring for me a very pleasant jaunt in the neighbourhood, without any expense to myself. In Edinburgh, when there is a vacancy in the Church, a proper person in the country is fixed upon to supply it. On such occasions the magistrates, and some of the higher clergy, visit the residence of the clergyman, and there meet the Presbytery, where some appropriate religious ceremony takes place. As the expenses of this journey are defrayed by the public, it is generally made a jaunt of pleasure as well as of business. Mr. M. invited me as his friend; and the time of my arrival at Edinburgh was extremely fortunate, as it afforded me the opportunity of seeing some of the most romantic scenery in Great Britain.

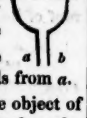
MONDAY.

Mr. M. and I set out in a post-chaise this morning, at seven o'clock, and proceeded as far as Linlithgow, where we found the party of the second chaise arrived, and joined them at breakfast. This party consisted of three very agreeable clergymen. After breakfast, went to see the ruins of a very fine old palace, which must have been a most noble edifice before it was injured by fire. On the roads here, and through all Scotland, we met large parties of women shearing, or going to shear. These females are coarse and very ill clothed, and go uniformly bare-legged. This custom, which is common throughout all Scotland, renders the legs and feet of the women coarse and clumsy; for the same reason that the limbs of labourers are more so than those of persons who are not much in the habit of working. Arrived at Stirling to dinner: it is a neat town, with a fine old Castle, formerly the summer residence of the Scotch Royal Family. At a distance it bears considerable resemblance to Edinburgh Castle, but is even more romantically situated, and the prospect from it, on all sides, is grand and beautiful, commanding the River Firth, Edinburgh Castle, Arthur's Seat, and the Sea at Leith.

Here we were joined by the party of the third post-chaise, consisting of the Provost and Magistrates; and we dined in one of the most spacious apartments I ever saw—from whence we had a fine and extended view. It is almost needless to say the party was very merry. In the evening Mr. M. and I had a most delightful stroll round the base of the Castle, which, I think, must be upwards of a mile; it is tremendously grand, particularly at the hour we visited it. The path we took is cut round the base of the Castle, and is overhung with huge fragments of rock, ready every instant to overwhelm the passenger below; indeed, vast numbers of these monstrous stones have fallen, detached, probably, by frost, and lie scattered in wild confusion in the fields below; whilst others have, in their descent, stuck fast about half way down, threatening every instant to complete their journey.

TUESDAY.

Breakfasted at the inn, where the whole party was assembled; and after a walk through the Castle, and enjoying the most glorious prospect, set off in four post-chaises. The Firth here runs through a fine plain, and, as I have frequently observed of rivers which run over very level ground, takes a very serpentine course, so much so that in one place it runs nearly in this direction, so that a vessel, after leaving the point *a*, after sailing for a considerable time, arrives at the point *b*, not many yards from *a*.



We arrived about noon at Dumblane, the object of the journey. Whilst our party went to church or the Town-hall, to meet the Presbytery, I strolled round the neighbourhood, and visited the ruins of an old monastery and church, in a very delapidated state, though duty is still performed in the latter. There is a school kept in these ruins, which I visited, and found it contained upwards of fifty scholars. Their writing was very good. Also visited the library left by Bishop Leighton, called the Leightonian library, a pretty considerable collection of books, which is continually accumulating by a small subscription of the neighbouring people, of five shillings annually. Previously to dinner went to see a very fine plum tree at Kippernoss, which Dr. Johnson certainly had never visited, when he said there were no trees in Scotland. It is twenty-seven feet round the trunk, remarkably high, well branched, and finely proportioned.

Returned to Dumblane to dinner, where was assembled a large party, not less, I should suppose, than forty, sat down to dinner in two rooms.—The clerical gentlemen are not so wholly attached to the good things of the next life as totally to reject those afforded in this sublunary state. They enjoyed themselves most amply, and swallowed a most enormous quantity of claret.

Mr. M. and I, according to a preconcerted signal, slipped away in the evening, and set off for Callander, a part of the country so extremely romantic, as entirely to baffle my descriptive powers.

At Callander we found Mr. G., who had agreed to meet us; after supper we retired early to bed to prepare for the next day's fatigue.

WEDNESDAY.

Rose at six o'clock, and after breakfast set off, Mr. M., Mr. G., and I in the chaise, and Mr. G.'s servant, with the driver, over a most delightfully wild country. We called at a Highland cottage, where a distant relation of Mr. G. (Donald Stuart) resided. His farm is very extensive, though his cottage is very humble indeed. He is a very honest hearty fellow. He lent us his galloway, which was afterwards found very serviceable to those who were tired with climbing the hills, and making their way through the long heath, which is here three feet high. Honest Donald was our guide over that wonderful part of the country called the Trossachs (or Ladders,) and never was a guide more necessary. Long before we reached the very hilly part of the country, Mr. G. and I, who preferred walking, picked up several species of heath, amongst which was the white heath; also found great quantities of juniper bushes, with the berries on, from which the gin is manufactured. It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the scenery, when we reached the mountainous part of this country; but if I can procure a copy of the description given in a little work on the express subject, (but which is out of print) I shall affix it to this journal. Donald's galloway, on which all but myself occasionally rode, made its way in a very extraordinary manner over a road which was almost impassable to our party. As the object of our tour was to reach Loch Catherine, by the way of the Trossachs, our guide proposed leaving us, till he gained a neighbouring eminence, in order to find some paths which were at all passable. I accompanied him; and with great difficulty got forwards for about half an hour, till the Lake suddenly opened to our view, to my great wonder and delight.

Donald then returned to Mr. G. and Mr. M., requesting me, on no account, to stir from the place, for fear of being lost. This was the pass mentioned in the account of the Trossachs, &c. where the High-

landers shot one of Cromwell's soldiers: a few rude stones still mark the spot.

However, as it must necessarily be long before Donald could return with the rest of the party, I was tempted to mount a considerable eminence, which commanded a view of this pass, and accomplished my purpose in about half an hour, when I enjoyed the most extensive and glorious prospect I ever beheld; commanding Loch Catherine, part of Loch Lomond, and a range of immense mountains.

I sat here, for a long time by myself, enjoying the varied scene; and never before so much regretted my inability to render the impression (such scenes produce) more lasting by the aid of the pencil.

After a long time I saw our party at an immense distance below me, winding through the heathy mazes. I should not have distinguished them but for the white galloway, which appeared about the size of a mouse.

I hoisted my handkerchief on a stick, and waved it in triumph, shouting till they saw me, to their great surprise, on my elevated seat. I descended with a rapidity I could not avoid, and in ten minutes joined the company, who paid me many compliments on my agility.

We soon arrived at the border of the lake; they took to the boat, whilst I preferred traversing the borders; and, whilst looking about for curiosities, found five very beautiful *fungi*, very small, but of a most brilliant crimson. I endeavoured to preserve them, but they were too delicate for the journey.

I now lost sight of the boat, and finding they did not answer my hail, with some difficulty gained a rocky eminence, which overlooked the lake. This road was nearly impassable from the quantity of nut trees. From the top of this rock I discerned the boat at a great distance, and again made the signal, and giving the view halloo, perceived them rowing towards me. I joined them in the boat, and never relished any thing with such an appetite as a cold collation of lamb and tongue, seasoned with Highland whiskey. There is only a small duty on this spirit, which is very generally drank here, and is even given to children. Two Highland boys in the boat, who could not be above seven years of age, tipped off a glass each of this strong unmixed spirit, with the utmost ease.

We now sailed up and down the beautiful and romantic lake, and visited the island where a Highland woman slew the soldier who swam over to seize the boats.

The depth and clearness of the water delighted me. Not the length of the boat from that part of the lake called the Den of the Ghost, the water is several yards deep, and so rapidly does the bottom shelve, that when I dropped a large white stone from the other side of the boat, we could see it descending an incredible time. The boatmen say, that at this place a line of seventy fathoms has been tried without getting bottom. They also say, that a chain was made, corresponding to the height of the adjoining mountain, which likewise failed of reaching the bottom.

On quitting the boat, and rejoining our chaise, which had proceeded by another course to the lake, I found myself in such spirits, partly with the novelty of the scene, and partly with the whiskey, that I still preferred walking. Mr. M. and Donald rode in the chaise, and Mr. G. on the galloway. Whilst he was proceeding on a slow trot up the hill, in front of the chaise, I made a sudden spring, and placed myself behind him, to the great amusement of the honest Highlander and Mr. M., who laughed to that degree they could scarcely speak. I then rode sideways, and with my face to the tail, which, however, the galloway not liking, I dismounted. Indeed, I scarcely ever found myself in such unaccountable spirits, or so little fatigued, in my life. About five o'clock we arrived at Donald's cottage. The fireplace was in the middle of the kitchen, round which were some very snug seats. Our landlord welcomed us into his cottage with a most hearty shake of the hand, and introduced us to his wife, who also very cordially shook us by the hand, and received us with a courtesy that would not have disgraced a drawing-room. She is a very good-looking and most agreeable woman, and prepared us a feast far more to my taste than the most splendid banquet of which I ever partook. We had a whole lamb, dressed in a superior, and, to me, novel style; fowls as superior to those ordinarily served up to table at our taverns, as ox beef is to bull beef. We had a pudding fit for a Lord Mayor's feast, and a variety of delicious preparations of cream and milk. These good things, with sweet butter, fine-flavoured bread, and excellent cheese, seasoned with capital home-brewed beer, and the pure mountain dew, completed our banquet, which was succeeded by some spirited strathspeys, reels, and country dances, accompanied by our worthy host's eldest son on the violin; and I never before thought I could have so relished the Scotch fiddle. The good dame was pleased to compliment me most heartily upon my performance of some of the most favourite Scotch airs, with which she appeared surprised to find me acquainted, not aware, perhaps, that those incomparable melodies are known throughout the civilized world.

We enjoyed ourselves there for hours, surrounded by the most magnificent and romantic scenery, with mountains, ravines, and valleys on each side, and the fine transparent water of Loch Catherine almost at our feet.

> "While we sat bousing at the nappy,
> An' getting fou and unco happy,
> We thought na on the lang Scots miles,
> The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
> That lay between us and our home."

At length the hour of our separation from our worthy host and his good dame arrived, and we set out on our return, after I had given a solemn promise, that if ever I should come to Scotland again, I would not fail to repeat my visit to the hospitable roof of honest Donald Stewart.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TROSSACHS, &c.

From "Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and Scenery of Scotland, with Incidental Remarks on the Scottish Character."

BY ELIZABETH ISABELLA SPENCE.

Callander, August 16th, 1810.

I have more than once remarked to your ladyship, that verbal descriptions of places, however animated and copious, rarely or never enable the mind to form adequate conceptions of the originals. This remark is particularly applicable to the Trossachs; and even Mr. Walter Scott, who, in his rich descriptions, paints with poetical imagery like a Salvator Rosa, or a Claude Lorraine, falls infinitely short in depicting the sublimity of this scenery. No painter, no poet can ever bring before the eyes or imagination of those who have not been themselves spectators, what are the diversity and grandeur of those astonishing scenes. Nature almost always presents equal variety and beauty in its forms; but *here*, its features are chiefly of the magnificent and sublime, and the astonished spectator pauses at every step with surprise and admiration, as each new object successively presents itself.

As these objects appeared to me, I shall endeavour to speak of and describe them; for there is a singularity attached to this romantic and wild scene, such as would lead a person to almost fancy they were in the world of giants and spirits.

Proceeding from Callander, the mountains range themselves in such wild magnificence, and rise in such abrupt and rugged forms, with dark woods spreading over their summits,

> "Shade above shade, a woody theatre,
> "Of stateliest view,"

and sweeping into the broad glittering rivers and lakes, which rapidly succeed one another, that it is impossible to portray their grandeur and beauty. The figures of these mountains are so varied, grotesque, wild, inaccessible, pointing their tops to the heavens, where not shrouded in clouds, as to create a region of their own, beyond which there seems no possibility of passing. The disposition of the woody scenery is pre-eminently beautiful; the birch trees hang their elegant and weeping branches in pensile loveliness over the rocks, peeping in rude fragments from amidst the various trees, which soften and adorn their native wildness. Such are the Trossachs* for ten miles, till

> Loch Catherine,
> In all her length far crowding lay,
> With promontory, creek, and bay,
> And islands that impurpled bright
> Floated amid the liveller light,
> And mountains that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land.
> High on the south huge Ben-venue,
> Down to the lake in masses threw
> Crags, knolls, and mounds confus'dly hurl'd,
> The fragments of an earlier world.
> A wildering forest feather'd o'er,
> His ruin'd sides, and summits hoar;
> While on the north, through middle air,
> Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.
> Boon nature scattered free and wild,
> Each plant and flower, the mountain's child;
> Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
> Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
> The primrose pale and violet flower,
> Found in each cliff and narrow bower;
> Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
> Emblems of punishment and pride—
> Grouped their dark hues with every stain,
> The weather-beaten crags retain,
> With boughs that quaked at every breath,
> Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
> Aloft the ash and warrior oak
> Cast anchor on the rifted rock;
> And higher yet the pine tree hung
> His scatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
> Where seemed the cliff to meet on high,
> His boughs athwart the narrowed sky,
> Highest of all where white peaks glanced,
> Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
> The wandering eye could barely view
> The summer's heaven's delicious blue;
> So wonderous wild, the whole might seem
> The scenery of a fairy dream.—*Lady of the Lake.*

The first lake which presented itself between Callander and the Trossachs, was the transparent water of Loch Venacher, the *Lake of the Fair Valley*, at whose verge the carriage wound, between it and so narrow a pass of mountainous rocks to the right, as often to endanger being plunged into its watery bed. Towering above this beautiful lake, the high summit of Benledi appears, on whose top, in ruder ages, an anniversary was held during three days and nights by the surrounding inhabitants, (who were supposed to be Druids,) at the summer solstice, for the purpose of devotion, whence it derives the name of Benledi, or *the Hill of God*. There were evident Druidical remains in many places; for near this very spot I observed two rude stones resembling human figures, which are supposed to have been the subjects of religious idolatry. In Loch Venacher is the small island of *Broin*, called the *Island of Lamentation*; and passing the romantic bridge of Turk, the scenery becomes more sylvan, and softens into woody banks on the edge of *Loch Achray*, beyond which is the *field of devotion*. On the right there is a distant view of the forest of Glenfinglas, filled with the deer which in ancient times belonged to the Kings of Scotland; and adjacent was a field for tilts and tournaments. In a defile of one of these mountains, called *the Hero's Shield*, an outlaw long had shelter. A female friend, according to tradition, handed him food by a rope thrown over the brow of the precipice, which reached his wild habitation.

Loch Catherine, when first seen in full expanse, as

* That is, wild rough scenery.

sumes the form of a bay. The rocks, ranging themselves in an amphitheatre covered with woods, and island beyond island emerging from the lake, with mountains more wild in their appearance than it is possible to describe, really, as Mr. Scott expresses,

——————"Like giants* stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

The island on which the fair Ellen's father was outlawed, is hid on a first approach behind some other ones; and is neither the most prominent nor beautiful of the multitude scattered on Loch Catherine.

The Den of the Ghosts is directly opposite to Rough Island; and is an abyss of rocks and woods, most awfully grand, on the south side of the lake.† In Gælic it is called *Coir-nan-uireskin. Coir* is expressive of a cauldron laid on its side, being a deep valley closed at one end. These dark hideous shelving rocks, of an immense breadth, piled one above another, afford, however, no retreat to the spirits of the departed, as its name seems to signify, but is the abode of foxes, wild cats, and badgers; and

"There his dread seat the royal bird hath made,
To awe the inferior subjects of the shade."

A gentleman, who possessed the farm of Glaschoil, immediately above the den, going home one evening at a late hour, passing through the den, beheld a figure glide swiftly past him, and immediately drew his sword in an attitude of defence; but the unhappy maniac, who had taken shelter here,

"So wither'd, and so wild in her attire,"

sprung forward, and exclaimed, "Walter of Drunkie, spare my life, it is I." He knew this unfortunate and harmless female, and passed on.

The small *Isle of Wits* gave the title to a wanderer, who, in 1745, having taken refuge in France, took upon himself (wishing to pass for a noble) the title of *Stewart of the Isle of Wits*, in Gælic *Ealan-nan-coil*. Near the west end of Loch Catherine, immediately below Stronclachan, (the point of the landing-place,) there is an island where Rob Roy M'Gregor confined Graham, the Laird of Killearn, who, at that time, was factor to the Duke of Montrose, a prisoner for two or three weeks, in defiance of all law, power, and authority. The cause of his displeasure was, that Montrose had wrested from him the lands of Craig Roston, on the side of Loch Lomond, for which he alleged Montrose had not paid him an adequate price. When Killearn was collecting the Duke's rents, at a place called Chapel Lernock, Rob Roy took the opportunity, with his men, to surround the house; and after the rents were collected, while Killearn and his friends were taking a glass, he ordered his men to point their guns in at the window, (which, at that time, had no glass) but not to fire, unless they saw him receive an injury within. Rob Roy, walking deliberately into where the gentlemen were sitting over their bottle, drew his sword, and standing at the foot of the table, demanded the Duke's money, giving, as a reason, that he required the rest of his payment for the lands of Craig Roston. Killearn remonstrated in vain; Rob Roy ordered him to count over the money in his presence, and he would give him a receipt for it, in order to settle with his constituents; which was accordingly done, and Killearn carried prisoner to the above mentioned island.

On the western point, called *Beulachanduine*, or the Pass of the Man, which is marked by three large stone, is the Man's grave: a soldier of Cromwell's, who had attempted to swim into the Woddyd Island, to bring from thence a boat to carry in the rest of Cromwell's army; when, it is said, a female native came out, and daringly slew him. *Loch Catherine*, I have observed, is spelled in various ways; Walter Scott gives it *Katherine*; Grahame, in his Picturesque Sketches, *Kutteren*, and the Katrine; but I am inclined to think it was originally *Catherine*; as the appellation is from an heiress of that name, who lived in the neighbourhood of Allon, and to whom all the immediate country, including the Trossachs, belonged; and from the Rev. Dr. R—'s Statistical Account, being the first given, who calls it *Loch Catherine*, I am of opinion his must be the most accurate.

The Lochs Catherine and Ness are never frozen beyond a few fathoms from the margin, where the water is shallow. This fact was long accounted wonderful, and attributed to some peculiar quality of the water; but the water of Loch Catherine differs in no respect from other fresh water; and the water of both lakes freezes as quickly as any other water when exposed in separate vessels. The phenomenon of the lakes themselves never being frozen over, is easily and completely accounted for, by the discoveries of modern chymistry.

Water, like most other bodies, is expanded by heat, and condensed, or contracted in volume by cold; but there is this peculiarity in the effects of heat or cold on water,—that water is gradually condensed by cold, until it arrives *within a few degrees* of the freezing point, when it begins to be again gradually dilated; and when it reaches the freezing point, it expands with violence. This being the case, water in very deep lakes can never be frozen in such climates as ours. When the upper stratum is condensed in its progress towards freezing, it becomes, of course, specifically heavier than the strata below it, and sinks down towards the bottom. What was the second stratum, now becomes the uppermost, is condensed in its turn, becomes specifically heavier, and sinks down as the first sunk. All the strata in the lake must necessarily go through the same process, sinking and rising alternately before congelation can take place; but where the water, as in Loch Catherine, is an hundred and thirty fathoms deep, the uppermost strata receive their original temperature long before they reach the bottom, and rise again in their turn; and in such climates as ours, the process goes on for ever, and prevents actual congelation.

The torrents of rain which descended in going to the Trossachs, certainly added to the awful grandeur of the scenery; for the clouds sometimes swept over the mountains, then encircled them in all their majestic wildness, and the sunbeams every now and then gleaming on their sides, and playing on the surface of the glittering lakes, with hundreds of silver streams pouring in tremendous noise down them, only exceeded by the heavy peals of thunder echoing from mountain to mountain, were so sublimely fine, as scarcely to make travellers wish for a more tranquil day; for the variableness of the weather did not deter several others from visiting the Trossachs; and it was pleasant, in so sequestered and wild a place, to be hailed by those, who, like myself, had journeyed from their country and their home, to gaze upon the magical wonders of the now celebrated Loch Catherine.

* It must be confessed that this metaphor is by no means very happy, as the comparison of giants with such elevated ridges of mountains is worthy of Martinus Scriblerius.

† It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaws' feet;
The deil upon the mountain's crest
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had staid full many a rock,
Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock.
From Ben-venue's gray summit wild,
And here in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And form'd the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch, a mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when sport a sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill.
But when the wind chased with the lake,
A sudden sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice that spake,
The incessant war of wave or rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild cat leaves her young.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread,
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread.
For there, she says, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze."
Lady of the Lake.

Miscellanies.

MR. BROUGHAM.—A PORTRAIT.

[*From the Leeds Mercury.*]

The following extract of a letter written by a gentleman who first saw Mr. Brougham at the last York Assizes, to a friend who had never seen, but who greatly admired, that distinguished personage, contains a vivid description of his appearance at the bar. Believing that it will interest and amuse those of our readers who have not had the good fortune to behold this extraordinary man, we avail ourselves of a correspondent's kindness to give the portrait at length.

York, April 3, 1827.

Well, at length I've seen our great favourite, Henry Brougham, and I feel as if I were a thousand pounds richer than when I left home. I don't forget how strictly you charged me to give you a "full, true, and particular account" of the great man; but if you had not said a syllable, I'm so full of the subject, that I should have forthwith sat down to tell you "all about him." I dare say you will ask—"Is he what you expected?" No, I reply, nobody could have expected to find so singular a looking man. I don't know how or where to begin to describe him—whether at his appearance when sitting or when speaking,—whether at his manner or his matter,—whether at his jokes or his eloquence,—whether at his ghastly laugh or his terrible sneer,—whether at his want of dexterity or his tremendous power,—whether at his nose or his eyes, his figure or his action. I think you shall begin where I did—you shall have him piecemeal—first you shall find him out in court, and then you shall watch him through a cause.

Well, then, I went to court with Mr. F., of this city, who knows all the Counsel perfectly well, and he took me to a seat where we were to have a good view of Mr. Brougham. I will describe the court to you at another time, as well as the Judge, Mr. Scarlett, the crowd of barristers, &c.: at present I am intent, as I was on entering the court, on the great orator. Business had just begun, and a trivial cause was proceeding. I immediately asked my friend to point out Mr. Brougham, but he, to exercise my skill in physiognomy, told me to look round and endeavour to find him out myself, only advertising me that he was not strikingly handsome. I accordingly began to examine the countenances of the barristers,—as much of them at least as could be seen from out the mass of curls and powder of their overwhelming wigs. But such various shapes of ugliness met my gaze, such uncouth expressions, such pictures of anxious toil, such faithful reflections in their "faded cheeks" of the old parchments which lay before them—mixed, by the way, pretty plentifully with fat, vacant, listless countenances—that I declared it absolutely impossible to form a conjecture which of those wigs and head-pieces enshrined the brains of the statesman.

At length, pitying my anxiety, my friend pointed out the object of my curiosity. "Look," said he, "at the further side of the table, just in front of that dandy attorney:—the man with large features, and a careless look." "Oh, thank you—ay, a very singular face,—but I didn't know that he squinted." "That's ——," said F.; it's the next to him." "The next? Well, really: he's not so ugly a man, either: what fine black eyes and eyebrows, and Roman nose! Upon my word—it's just what I should"—"Pho!" interrupted my friend, "that's little Williams: look on the other side of ——." "On the other side?" "Yes." "You don't mean next to Mr. ——?" "I do though." "Impossible! you're joking. I never saw so empty a face in my life. Do you mean the man with the large, turned-up nose, which he pushes up still higher by his hand covering his mouth and cheek?" "Yes." "The dark man, with long lantern jaws, who is just now gaping as if he had not been in bed last night?" "The same." "With little gray eyes, as dead as a stone?" "Identically Mr. Brougham." At this moment Mr. Scarlett threw a note over the table to him, which roused him out of his idle mood. He took his hand from his face, and leaning his long figure over the table, with divers uncouth shrugs and grimaces, rendered more strange by a convulsive twitch of his cheek, which pulled about his most prominent feature, he gave a laughing reply to Mr. Scarlett. "Well, positively," I exclaimed to my friend, "he's the most undignified man I ever saw. Is it possible that *this* is the enlightened statesman,—the senator whose eloquence makes a phalanx of ministers tremble,—the man of lofty views, of boundless knowledge, of generous ardour, of indefatigable perseverance?—*this*, the profound *savant*, the accomplished scholar, the author, the wit, the orator? Lavater was a fool; I'll never trust physiognomy more." "Stop a moment," said my friend, "don't be too hasty: this cause is going off, and he's opening his brief, as if he was engaged in the next. If he should be, you may then perhaps see something more answering to your expectations."

My friend was right. Mr. Brougham rose. The cause happened to be insignificant, and he began with the utmost *nonchalance*. His voice, though strong, had something of the Scottish twang; at first he drawled, especially when he had forgotten a name or a date; and almost as much passed between him and his junior, who answered his questions and supplied him with the facts, as between him and the jury. As he proceeded, however, I noticed that the words came to him very readily, and that he steered through two or three long sentences, involved by double or triple parenthesis, with great dexterity. His countenance certainly became more intellectual; but the extreme carelessness of his manner, his utter indifference to appearances, and particularly the almost incessant twitching of his

cheek and nose, made me feel that this was any thing but the *beau ideal* of an orator.

The witnesses for the plaintiff were soon got through, and Mr. Scarlett then made a speech for the defence, in which he showed that Mr. Brougham's case was excessively lame and even fraudulent. A few simple, honest witnesses, who told a very plain tale, appeared for the defendant, one of whom it was Mr. Brougham's duty to cross-examine. He rose with an expression of strong indignation, intended to be virtuous, but only hideous, and fell upon the alarmed witness with a sneering question, which implied a charge of perjury. The poor man trembled—Mr. Brougham's voice thundered out the question a second time, with an improved point: but the witness recovered, and gave a satisfactory explanation. After trying a little further to frighten the witness, and impress the jury with the conviction that his evidence was incredible, Mr. Brougham adopted another plan, and began to banter and gibe him, endeavouring to throw ridicule on the whole affair. Never did I see or hear a laugh like his: it is no tickling of the fancy, no smile playing on the lips; he smiles with his jaws, and laughs with his stomach and shoulders: it is, in fact, a ghastly grin—nothing spontaneous or voluntary, but requiring the exertion of his whole frame: the laugh is shaken up from the bottom of his stomach, with no small effort of his sides and shoulders, and his features are made to correspond by a distortion intended for a smile. Yet at these times his look is good-natured, his attitude droll, and joke drops out after joke with such facility, and so well seasoned, that the court has much ado to retain its gravity.

In his reply to the case for the defence, Mr. Brougham showed great ingenuity, but his sophisms were rather too obvious. He contrived, however, to throw infinite ridicule on the opposite witnesses, availing himself of all their peculiarities, using their dialect and phraseology, applying to them the technical words common in their respective trades, and repeating illustrative anecdotes, so as to keep the whole court, his Lordship and the jury included, in a roar of laughter. Of course he lost his cause.

By this time, you may suppose, my opinion of Mr. Brougham was not a little raised, but still he appeared any thing rather than the person I had expected to see. In the course of the same day, however, an important cause relative to the validity of a will came on, in which Mr. Scarlett was engaged for the plaintiff, and Mr. Brougham for the defence; and the latter had decidedly the cause, though he had to contend against all the skill of his accomplished antagonist, and a host of witnesses brought to establish the adverse interest. Mr. Scarlett put forth his strength, and made out a case which seemed to me quite impregnable. There was manifestly a fraudulent conspiracy on one side or the other; the case was one calculated to excite the feelings and interest the mind. I was very curious to hear how Mr. Brougham would answer this case, how he would dispose of the testimony on the other side, and what case he could set up to overthrow it.

He rose with an expression of staid gravity and collected power. His exordium was deliberate and impressive, and I was particularly struck with the fixedness of his gaze. He seemed not so much to look *at* the jury as to look *through* them, and to fix his eye upon them, less for the purpose of seeing how they felt, than to rivet their attention, and as it were to grasp their minds within the compass of his own. The small gray eye, which in his quiescent state reveals to you nothing, now became keen and strong as the eagle's. The steadfastness of his look, together with the calm and masterly manner in which he disposed of the preliminary considerations, reminded me of an experienced general quietly arranging his forces, and preparing to bear down in overwhelming strength upon a single point. His voice became loud and commanding, his action animated, and his eloquence was poured forth like a torrent, strong, copious, and impetuous. He first ook exensive views, and laid down general principles applicable to the case: then he applied these to the particular facts, examining the testimony of each witness, and showing its weakness, the suspicion attaching to it, and its inconsistency either with itself or with the other parts of the evidence. He displayed as much skill in exposing, and, if I may so speak, concentrating the weakness of the opposite side, as in exhibiting his own strength. He unveiled the knavery of the case, and turned all the suspicion from his own clients to Mr. Scarlett's. He lashed some of the witnesses without mercy, and covered them with his sarcasm. His sneer was terrible. He then unfolded his own case with great clearness, and made it appear that he had evidence which would quite overthrow that of the other side, and leave not the shadow of a doubt on the minds of the jury. The case being one which required both physical and metaphysical observations, from involving a question of bodily and mental derangement, Mr. Brougham's universal knowledge enabled him to treat it in a very luminous manner: he seemed to combine the professional skill of the physician with the just and profound views of the philosopher. He gave a most striking picture of the diseased and doting testator, colouring it with almost poetical brilliancy, and bringing out the features with a breath and force peculiarly his own. He gathered his illustrations from nature and from art, and levied contributions on science and literature. Every thing in the manner and matter of the orator bespoke *power*,—the strength of his voice, the sweep of his arm, the piercing glance of his eye, his bitter scorn, his blazing indignation, the force of his arguments, the inevitable thrust of his retort, and the nervous vigour of his style. He despises the graces of elocution, but seems to have unlimited confidence in the strength and resources of his intellect. In short, this was the highest oratorical achievement it has fallen to *my* lot to hear, and it was of course successful, though it certainly was not one of his greatest efforts. I was fascinated by his eye, and carried away by the torrent of his eloquence; and before quitting the court I strongly felt, what on my first view of him I could not bring myself to believe, that I was indeed in the presence of a man of first-rate genius and learning,—of one who was familiar in the circle of the sciences,—whose pen and whose tongue were equally at command,—who had worthily presided over one university and founded another,—whose enlightened patriotism had guided the people of this country into grand and useful undertakings,—who had stood up in defence of oppressed innocence, against all the power of a court,—and who had, with great, though varying success, vindicated before the Parliament of Great Britain the cause of liberty and justice throughout the world.

Poetry.

TIME.

"Time, the shadow!"—COLERIDGE.

Hie thee on, unwearied traveller,
Hie thee on, resistless Time;
Speed, and bear me o'er the barrier,
Parting from a brighter clime.

Hie thee on, impatient voyager,
Swiftly o'er the waters glide;
Hie thee on, impetuous courier,
Haste, and quit the desert wide.

Hie thee on, receding vapour,
Bird of passage quicker fly;
Hie thee on, departing shadow,
Speed, and show a fairer sky.

Hie thee on, thy courser's weary,
Sicken at return of day;
Hie thee on, the path is dreary,
Woe-fraught lingerer, haste away.

Hie thee on, unsought intruder,
Guest unwelcome, hie thee on;
Hie thee on, change-dealing wanderer,
Speed thy bidding and be gone.

Hie thee on, thy looks are boding,
And thy furrowed visage wan,
Darkly hidden griefs recording,
Speaks thy embassy to man.

Hie thee on, the spirit, pining,
Sighs to bid the conflict cease:
Speed, the mortal bands untwining,
Speed, and give the soul release.

Liverpool. G.

LINES.

No more, no more upon my soul can fall,
Hope's dazzling bright, yet false delusive beam:
No more, O! never more can she enthral
My scathed soul in fond unreal dream;
Despair enfolds me in his gloomy pall,
And all things cheerless, cold, and dreary seem.
The Upas casts a deadly shade—but is
The waste it makes to be compared to this?

No more, O! never more my soul can know
The blessed calm of bland tranquillity;
Ne'er pant with pleasure, ne'er with transport glow:
For what is friendship?—what is love to me?
What art?—or nature?—what the world, but woe?
And all their cheating charms but mockery?
My heart lies dead, is cheerless and alone;
And none will soothe or echo back my moan.

Yet why alone; although the world may frown,
And point at me the bitter hand of scorn;
Although each hope of earth be beaten down,
And blasted never, never to return,
I still may hope to gain a shining crown
Where saints adore, and blessed seraphs burn.
Yes, yes, the heart which has on earth been riven,
May yet rejoice with all the host of heaven.

A.

THE HUNTSMAN'S MORNING CHORUS.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLARY.

Arise! arise! for the eastern skies
Are tinged with the rays of the morn;
The moon's silver light is faded to white,
And the huntsman is sounding his horn.

Now nature's awake, and the mists of the lake
From its bosom are curling away;
And the clouds of the west are no longer at rest,
But are rolling in crimson array.

The twilight is gone, and the lark is upon
Her pinions of joy in the skies;
All nature looks gay as the bright orb of day
Is seen from the ocean to rise.

On tiptoe all stands, till the hills and the lands,
And the green-mantled valleys below,
Are burning in light, all varied and bright,
As the tints in the span of the bow.

Hark! the song of the vale, and the whispering gale,
And the ploughboy's enlivening strain;
The shrill feather'd cry that aloft in the sky,
And the far distant roar of the main.

Hark! the rush of the fountain, the noise of the mountain,
All swelling the concert of morn;
The earth and the sky are resounding with joy,
At the cheer of the huntsman's horn.

Chorus.

Arise! then, arise! for the sun's in the skies,
And the gay lark is tuning his lay;
Aurora gives birth to the brightness of earth,
And Sol to the glory of day.

ON A DYING MISER.

Gripus to save his soul was told:
"Save it?" then pointing to his gold;
"My friends," cried he, "'tis you must save it,
I'm dying, and am forc'd to leave it."

T.

INSCRIPTION POUR BEDLAM.

Reines, Rois, Empereurs, Docteurs pharisaïques,
Médecins, Avocats, Savans, Prêtres, Laïques;
Je renferme de tous
Les moins fous.

ALB.

EPIGRAMME

Les discours aux Ventrus* jamais ne coûtent rien,
Et ce prix, ils le valent bien.

ALB.

* On nomme Ventrus les députés vendus au ministère.

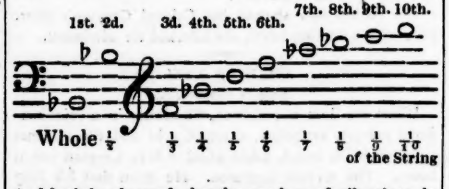
ON THE GRAVE HARMONICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARMONICON.

SIR,—A letter which appeared in the *Harmonicon* for last March, on "The Phenomenon of the Third Sound" convinces me that there still exists a mistake respecting the Grave Harmonics: allow me, therefore, if you think this worthy of publication, to put those of your readers who may have a taste for such experiments, into a way of ascertaining that there is only *one* concord (the octave) from which results but *a* THIRD *sound;* and that the number of grave harmonics depends upon the higher of the two notes used in producing them.

I will take the chord $\frac{9}{7}$ for the purpose; and the best chords of this description on the organ are those of B flat and E flat. I select the chord of B flat, because its notes fall best into the compass of females' voices.

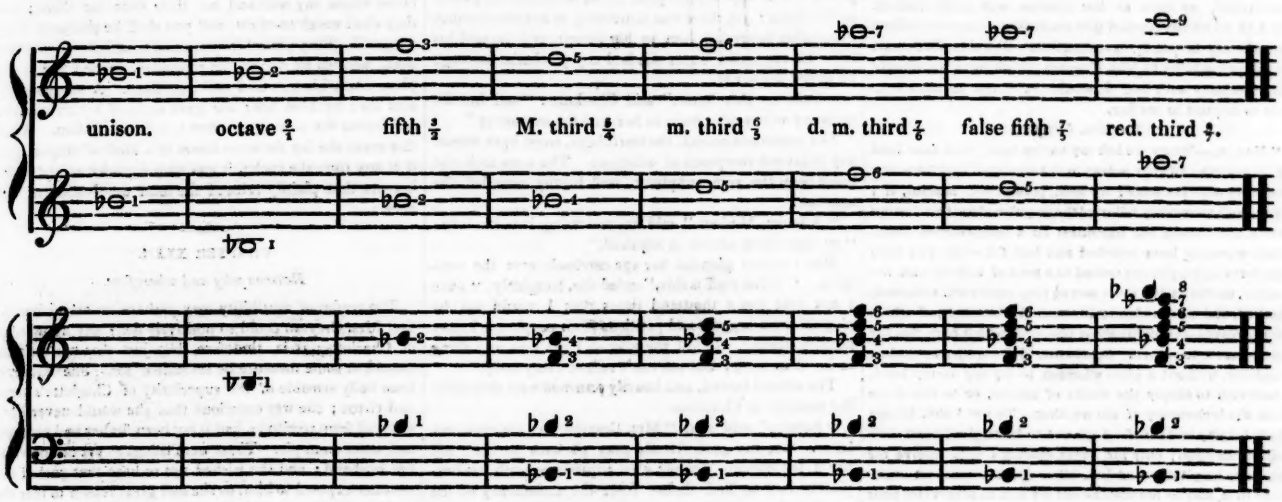
It will be convenient to regard all the notes of this chord, and, consequently, all the intervals formed by them, as produced by the whole, or certain different portions of a string tuned to bass B flat. Let the fundamental note, bass B flat, be called the first note, being produced by the string in its whole length; tenor B flat (the octave) the second, being produced by half of the string; and so on, as under,—



And let it be observed, that the numbers of vibrations, in a given time, required to produce each of the above notes, are in exact conformity with the ordinal numbers above them; and that the ordinal numbers of any two of these notes are the numerical expressions for, or ratios of, the intervals the notes describe, as $\frac{2}{1}$ an octave, $\frac{3}{2}$ a fifth, and so on; and also, that all these notes, except the first, are acute harmonics of base B flat.

If the notes given above be combined, as in the following upper-two staffs, the sound, or sounds, if any, the result of such combinations, will be as described in black notes in the lower-two staffs.

It may be observed, then, that unisons are regarded as first notes; octaves as the 1st and 2d; fifths as the 2d and 3d notes of a string; and so on: and that where any two notes of a string are combined, the grave harmonics consist of all the notes of that string that are below the higher of the two notes played or sung.



The above, if transposed down into E flat, will answer equally well for the organ; and the notes will then fall into that part of a tenor singer's voice which is most favourable to the production of the grave harmonics, namely, the falsetto.

A little practice is necessary to enable one to distinguish these implied sounds; and it is indispensible that the tone of the voices or instruments used in producing them, be full, smooth, steady, clear, sustained, and perfectly in tune.

The fact of there being sometimes more than one implied sound, presented itself to me about nine years ago. I was amusing myself by listening to *the third sound* from the different major and minor thirds on a very finely-toned, well-tuned organ, built by Allen, which is in this town; and happening to put down treble B flat and D flat, I was surprised at hearing notes higher than I had expected, which, upon attentive examination, I found to be treble-clef-G, and tenor E flat; and, finally, I heard with them, tenor B flat, and base and double base E flat. I have frequently tried similar experiments since, and also with voices, with nearly always the same results.

This subject is, doubtless, more curious than useful; but as I think it desirable, even in this view of it, that it should not continue to be misunderstood, the above remarks are presented by

Yours, &c.

J. MOLINEUX.

Newington-bridge, Liverpool, April 18, 1827.

The Housewife.

"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousins in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewell thy husbandry, do what thou can."

Tooth-ache.—There are somewhere about five hundred pecifics for the tooth-ache, all of which have been found infallible at one time or other. The truth is, that there are also nearly as many *genera* of this most painful visitation; and the remedy that may prove of advantage in one case, often aggravates the pain in another. It may be useful to my readers to know, that tobacco will afford instant relief, whatever be the character of the disease. The cigar should, however, be sufficiently dry to yield a volume of smoke, with a very slight inspiration; and the whiffs, to be efficacious, should be "few and far between." If the first cigar does not allay the pain, the second will be sure so to do. In cases where matter is supposed to be forming in the gum, it is, I know, usual to apply figs boiled in milk, (the seeds of which are continually sliding into the tender tooth, and increasing your sufferings tenfold,) or to put you to bed to a scalding hot brick breeched in flannel. Two or three cigars will bring the swelling to a crisis in a quarter of the time, and with less than a fiftieth part of the agony; and this effected, you will have only to make your peace with a lancet or "a bare bodkin." Where the nerve of the tooth is the seat of suffering, the cessation of pain is almost instantaneous. Ladies may substitute a pipe of stramonium for the cigar, if they find the tobacco too strong for their stomachs. Sailors, who are in the habit of chewing tobacco, are never afflicted with the tooth-ache. But a pleasanter and more certain preventive may be suggested. Dissolve as much camphor in spirits of wine as possible, consistently with its remaining in a liquid state; pour a few drops every morning into the water with which you rince your mouth, and you will never more be afflicted with the tooth-ache, although even this antidote will not secure you against rheumatic affections of the face.—*Literary Magnet.*

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
June										
6	29	57	48	0	52	0	58	0	N.W.	Stormy.
7	29	82	49	0	54	0	61	0	N.W.	Fair.
8	30	13	48	0	54	0	64	0	N.	Fair.
9	30	27	54	0	61	0	67	0	N.N.W.	Fair.
10	30	28	56	0	62	0	65	0	N.N.W.	Fair.
11	30	17	57	0	64	0	66	0	N.N.W.	Fair.
12	30	10	57	0	63	0	68	0	N.N.W.	Fair.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. ROWSON,
Author of Victoria, the Inquisitor, Fille de Chambre, &c.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER XXX.

Charlotte's Appeal to Mrs. Crayton.

When Charlotte was left to herself, she began to think what course she must take, or to whom she could apply, to prevent her perishing for want, or perhaps that very night falling a victim to the inclemency of the season. After many perplexing thoughts, she at length determined to set out for New York, and inquire out Mrs. Crayton, from whom she had no doubt she should obtain immediate relief, as soon as her distress was made known. She had no sooner formed this resolution than she resolved immediately to put it in execution. She therefore wrote the following billet to Mrs. Crayton, thinking, if she should have company with her, it would be better to send it in than to request to see her.

"To Mrs. Crayton.

"MADAM,—When we left my native land, that dear land which contains all that is dear to the wretched Charlotte, our prospects were the same; we both, pardon me, Madam, if I say we both too readily followed the impulse of our treacherous hearts, and trusted our happiness on a tempestuous ocean, where mine has been wrecked and lost for ever; you have been fortunate—you are united to a man of honour and humanity, united by the most sacred ties, respected, esteemed, admired, and surrounded by innumerable blessings, of which I am bereaved—enjoying those pleasures which have fled my bosom, never to return. Behold me, Madam, a poor forsaken wanderer, without a place whereon to lay my weary head, wherewith to supply the wants of nature, or to shield me from the inclemency of the weather. To you I sue, to you I look for pity and relief. I ask not to be received as an intimate or an equal; only for sweet charity's sake receive me into your hospitable mansion, allow me the meanest apartment in it, and let me breathe out my soul in prayers for your happiness. I cannot, I feel I cannot long bear up under the accumulated woes that pour in upon me; but, oh! my dear Madam, for the love of Heaven suffer me not to expire in the street; and when I am at peace, as soon I shall be, extend your compassion to my helpless offspring, should it please Heaven that it should survive its unhappy mother. A gleam of joy breaks in on my benighted soul, while I reflect that you cannot, will not, refuse your protection to the heart-broken "CHARLOTTE."

When Charlotte had finished this letter, late as it was in the afternoon, and though the snow began to fall very fast, she tied up a few necessaries which she had prepared against her expected confinement; and terrified lest she could be again exposed to the insults of her barbarous landlady, more dreadful to her wounded spirit than either storm or darkness, she set forward for New York.

The distance from the house which our suffering heroine occupied, to New York, was not very great; yet the snow fell so fast, and the cold was so intense, that, being unable, from her situation, to walk quick, she found herself almost sinking with cold and fatigue before she reached the town; her garments, which were merely suitable to the summer season, were wet through. In this situation she reached the city, and inquired of a foot soldier whom she met, the way to Colonel Crayton's.

"Bless you, my sweet lady," said the soldier, with a voice and look of compassion, "I will show you the way with all my heart; but if you are going to make a petition to Mrs. Crayton, it is all to no purpose, I assure you. If you please I will conduct you to Mr. Franklin's; though Miss Julia is married, and gone now, yet the old gentleman is very good."

"Julia Franklin!" said Charlotte: "is she not married to Montraville?"

"Yes," replied the soldier: "and may God bless them—for a better officer never lived, he is so good to us all; and as to Miss Julia, all the poor folks almost worshipped her."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Charlotte: "is Montraville then unjust to none but me?"

The soldier now showed her Colonel Crayton's door, and, with a beating heart, she knocked for admission.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Subject continued.

When the door was opened, Charlotte, in a voice rendered scarcely articulate, through cold and the extreme agitation of her mind, asked whether Mrs. Crayton was at home. The servant hesitated. He knew that his lady was engaged at a game at picquet with her dear Corydon, nor could he think she would like to be disturbed by a person whose appearance spoke her of so little consequence as Charlotte; yet there was something in her countenance that rather interested him in her favour, and he said his lady was engaged; but if she had any particular message he would deliver it.

"Take up this letter," said Charlotte: "tell her the unhappy writer of it waits in her hall for an answer."

The tremulous accent, the tearful eye, must have moved any heart not composed of adamant. The man took the letter from the poor suppliant, and hastily ascended the staircase.

"A letter, Madam," said he, presenting it to his lady; "an immediate answer is required."

Mrs. Crayton glanced her eye carelessly over the contents. "What stuff is this," cried she, haughtily, "have I not told you a thousand times that I would not be plagued with beggars and petitions from people one knows nothing about? Go tell the woman I can't do any thing in it. I'm sorry; but one can't relieve every body."

The servant bowed, and heavily returned with this chilling message to Charlotte.

"Surely," said she, "Mrs. Crayton has not read my letter. Go, my good friend, pray go back to her; tell her it is Charlotte Temple who requests beneath her hospitable roof to find shelter from the inclemency of the weather."

"Prithee, don't plague me, man," cried Mrs. Crayton, impatiently, as the servant advanced something in behalf of the unhappy girl—"I tell you I don't know her."

"Not know me," cried Charlotte, rushing into the room (for she had followed the man up stairs) "not know me, not remember the ruined Charlotte Temple, who, but for you, perhaps might still have been innocent, still have been happy! Oh, La Rue, this is beyond every thing I could have believed possible."

"Upon my honour, Miss," replied the unfeeling woman with the utmost effrontery, "this is a most unaccountable address: it is beyond my comprehension. John," continued she, turning to the servant, "the young woman is certainly out of her senses; do pray take her away, she terrifies me to death."

"Oh God!" cried Charlotte, clasping her hands in an agony, "this is too much: what will become of me? but I will not leave you; they shall not tear me from you: here on my knees I conjure you to save me from perishing in the streets; if you really have forgotten me, oh, for charity's sweet sake, this night let me be sheltered from the winter's piercing cold!"

The kneeling figure of Charlotte in her affecting situation might have moved the heart of a stoic to compassion; but Mrs. Crayton remained inflexible. In vain did Charlotte recount the time they had known each other at Chichester; in vain mention their being in the same ship; in vain were the names of Montraville and Belcour mentioned. Mrs. Crayton could only say she was sorry for her imprudence, but could not think of having her own reputation endangered by encouraging a woman of that kind in her house; besides, she did not know what trouble and expense she might bring upon her husband by giving shelter to a woman in her situation.

"I can at least die here," said Charlotte; "I feel I cannot long survive this dreadful conflict. Father of mercy, here let me finish my existence!" Her agonizing sensations overpowered her, and she fell senseless on the floor.

"Take her away," said Mrs. Crayton, "she will really frighten me into hysterics; take her away, I say, this instant."

"And where must I take the poor creature?" said the servant with a voice and look of compassion.

"Any where," cried she hastily, "only don't let me ever see her again. I declare she has flurried me so I shan't be myself again this fortnight."

John, assisted by his fellow-servant, raised and carried her down stairs. "Poor soul," said he, "you shall not lie in the street this night. I have a bed and a poor little house where my wife and her little ones rest them; but they shall watch to-night, and you shall be sheltered from danger." They placed her in a chair, and the benevolent man, assisted by one of his comrades, carried her to the place where his wife and children lived. A surgeon was sent for; he bled her; she gave signs of returning life, and before the dawn gave birth to a female infant. After this event she lay for some hours in a kind of stupor, and if at any time she spoke, it was with a quickness and incoherence that plainly evinced the total deprivation of her reason.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Reasons why and wherefore.

The reader of sensibility may perhaps be astonished to find Mrs. Crayton could so positively deny any knowledge of Charlotte; it is, therefore, but just that her conduct should in some measure be accounted for. She had ever been fully sensible of the superiority of Charlotte's sense and virtue; she was conscious that she would never have swerved from rectitude, had it not been for her bad precepts and worse example. These were things as yet unknown to her husband; and she wished not to have that part of her conduct exposed to him, as she had great reason to fear she had already lost considerable part of that power she once maintained over him. She trembled while Charlotte was in the house, lest the Colonel should return; she perfectly well remembered how much he seemed interested in her favour, while on their passage from England, and made no doubt but, should he see her in her present distress, he would offer her an asylum, and protect her to the utmost of his power. In that case she feared the unguarded nature of Charlotte might discover to the Colonel the part she had taken in the unhappy girl's elopement; and she well knew the contrast between her own and Charlotte's conduct would make the former appear in no very respectable light. Had she reflected properly, she would have afforded the poor girl protection; and by enjoining her silence, ensured it by acts of repeated kindness; but vice in general blinds its votaries, and they discover their real characters to the world when they are most studious to preserve appearances.

Just so it happened with Mrs. Crayton. Her servants made no scruple of mentioning the cruel conduct of their lady to a poor distressed lunatic, who claimed her protection; every one joined in reprobating her inhumanity; nay, even Corydon thought she might at least have ordered her to be taken care of, but he dared not even hint it to her, for he lived but in her smiles, and drew from her lavish fondness large sums to support an extravagance to which the state of his own finances was very inadequate; it cannot therefore be supposed that he wished Mrs. Crayton to be very liberal in her bounty to the afflicted suppliant; yet vice had not so entirely seared his heart, but

that the sorrows of Charlotte could find a vulnerable part.

Charlotte had now been three days with her humane preservers, but she was totally insensible of every thing. She raved incessantly for Montraville and her father: she was not conscious of being a mother, nor took the least notice of her child, except to ask whose it was, and why it was not carried to its parents.

"Oh," said she, one day starting up on hearing the infant cry, "why will you keep that child here? I am sure you would not if you knew how hard it was for a mother to be parted from her infant. Oh, could you see the horrid sight which I now behold—there—there stands my dear mother, her poor lacerated bosom bleeding at every vein, her gentle, affectionate heart torn in a thousand pieces, and all for the loss of a ruined ungrateful child. Save me—save me from her frown. I dare not—indeed I dare not speak to her."

Such were the dreadful images that haunted her distracted mind, and nature was fast sinking under the dreadful malady which medicine had no power to remove. The surgeon who attended her was a humane man; he exerted his utmost abilities to save her; but he saw she was in want of many necessaries and comforts, which the poverty of her hospitable host rendered him unable to provide: he, therefore, determined to make her situation known to some of the officers' ladies, and endeavour to make a collection for her relief.

When he returned home, after making this resolution, he found a message from Mrs. Beauchamp, who had just returned from Rhode Island, requesting he would call and see one of her children, who was very unwell. "I do not know," said he, as he was hastening to obey the summons, "a woman to whom I could apply with more hope of success than Mrs. Beauchamp. I will endeavour to interest her in this poor girl's behalf; she wants the soothing balm of friendly consolation: we may, perhaps, save her; we will try at least."

When he had prescribed something for the child, and told his pathetic tale to Mrs. Beauchamp, she instantly said—"Where is she? we will go to her immediately.—Heaven forbid that I should be deaf to the calls of humanity. Come, we will go this instant." Then seizing the doctor's arm, they hastened to the habitation that contained the dying Charlotte.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Which People void of feeling need not read.

When Mrs. Beauchamp entered the apartment of the poor sufferer, she started back with horror. On a wretched bed, without hangings, and but poorly supplied with covering, lay the emaciated figure of what still retained the semblance of a lovely woman, though sickness had so altered her features, that Mrs. Beauchamp had not the least recollection of her person. In one corner of the room stood a woman washing, and shivering over a small fire, two healthy but half naked children; the infant was asleep beside its mother, and on a chair by the bed side stood a porringer and wooden spoon, containing a little gruel, and a tea-cup with about two spoonfuls of wine in it. Mrs. Beauchamp had never before beheld such a scene of poverty; she shuddered involuntarily, and exclaiming, "Heaven preserve us!" leaned on the back of a chair ready to sink to the earth. The doctor repented having so precipitately brought her into this affecting scene; but there was no time for apologies. Charlotte caught the sound of her voice, and starting almost out of bed, exclaimed—"Angel of peace and mercy, art thou come to deliver me? Oh, I know you are, for whenever you were near me, I felt eased of half my sorrows. But you don't know me, nor can I remember your name just now; but I know that benevolent countenance, and the softness of that voice, which has so often comforted the wretched Charlotte."

Mrs. Beauchamp had, during the time Charlotte was speaking, seated herself on the bed, and taken one of her hands. She looked at her attentively, and at the name of Charlotte she perfectly conceived the whole shocking affair. A faint sickness came over her. "Gracious Heaven!" said she, "is this possible?" and bursting into tears, she reclined the burning head of Charlotte on her own bosom, and folding her arms about her, wept over her in silence. "Oh," said Charlotte, "you are very good to weep thus over me; it is a long time since I shed a tear for myself. My head and heart are both on fire, but these tears of yours seem to cool and refresh me. Oh now I remember you said you would send a letter to my poor father; do you think he ever received it? or perhaps you have brought me an answer; why don't you speak, Madam? Does he say I may go home? Well, he is very good, I shall soon be ready."

She then made an effort to get out of bed; but, being prevented, her phrenzy again returned, and she raved with the greatest wildness and incoherence. Mrs. Beauchamp, finding it was impossible for her to be removed, contented herself with ordering the apartment to be made more comfortable, and procuring a proper nurse for both mother and child; and having learnt the particulars of Charlotte's fruitless application to Mrs. Crayton from honest John, she amply rewarded him for his benevolence, and returned home with a heart oppressed with many painful sensations, but yet rendered easy by the reflection that she had performed her duty towards a distressed fellow-creature.

Early the next morning she again visited Charlotte, and found her tolerably composed; she called her by name, thanked her for her goodness,—and when her child was brought to her, pressed it in her arms, wept over it, and called it the offspring of disobedience. Mrs. Beauchamp was delighted to see her so much amended, and began to hope she might recover, and, spite of her former errors, become a useful and respectable member of society; but the arrival of the doctor put an end to these delusive hopes: he said nature was making her last effort, and a few hours would, most probably, consign the unhappy girl to her kindred dust.

Being asked how she found herself, she replied—"Why, better, much better, doctor. I hope now I have but little more to suffer. I had last night a few hours sleep, and when I awoke I recovered the full power of recollection. I am quite sensible of my weakness; I feel I have but little longer to combat with the shafts of affliction. I have an humble confidence in the mercy of Him who died to save the world, and trust that my sufferings in this state of mortality, joined to my unfeigned repentance, through his mercy, have blotted my offences from the sight of my offended Maker. I have but one care—my poor infant! Father of mercy," continued she, raising her eyes, "of thy infinite goodness, grant that the sins of the parent be not visited on the unoffending child! May those who taught me to despise thy laws be forgiven; lay not my offences to their charge, I beseech thee; and, oh! shower the choicest of blessings on those whose pity has soothed my afflicted heart, and made easy even the bed of pain and sickness!"

She was exhausted by this fervent address to the throne of mercy, and though her lips still moved, her voice became inarticulate: she lay for some time as it were in a dose, and then recovering, faintly pressed Mrs. Beauchamp's hand, and requested that a clergyman might be sent for.

On his arrival she joined fervently in the pious office, frequently mentioning her ingratitude to her parents as what lay most heavy at her heart. When she had performed the last solemn duty, and was preparing to lie down, a little bustle outside of the door occasioned Mrs. Beauchamp to open it, and inquire the cause. A man in appearance about forty presented himself, and asked for Mrs. Beauchamp.

"That is my name, Sir," said she.

"Oh then, my dear Madam," cried he, "tell me where I may find my poor, ruined, but repentant child!"

Mrs. Beauchamp was surprised and affected! she knew not what to say; she foresaw the agony this interview would occasion Mr. Temple, who had just arrived in search of his Charlotte, and yet she was sensible that the pardon and blessing of her father would soften even the agonies of death to the daughter.

She hesitated. "Tell me, Madam," cried he wildly, "tell me, I beseech thee, does she live? shall I see my darling once again? Perhaps she is in this house. Lead, lead me to her, that I may bless her, and then lie down and die!"

The ardent manner in which he uttered these words occasioned him to raise his voice. It caught the ear of Charlotte: she knew the beloved sound: and uttering a loud shriek, she sprang forward as Mr. Temple entered the room. "My adored father!" "My long lost child!" Nature could support no more, and they both sunk lifeless into the arms of the attendants.

Charlotte was again put into bed, and a few moments restored Mr. Temple. But to describe the agony of his sufferings is past the power of any one. Though we may readily conceive, we cannot delineate the affecting scene. Every eye gave testimony of what each heart felt—but all were silent.

When Charlotte recovered, she found herself supported in her father's arms. She cast on him a most expressive look, but was unable to speak. A reviving cordial was administered. She then asked, in a low voice, for her child: it was brought to her, and she put it into her father's arms. "Protect her," said she, "and bless your dying ——"

Unable to finish the sentence, she sunk back on her pillow; her countenance was serenely composed: she regarded her father, as he pressed the infant to his breast, with a steadfast look; a sudden beam of joy passed across her languid features, she raised her eyes to heaven, and closed them for ever.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Retribution.

In the meantime Montraville returned to New York, and, having still some remains of compassionate tenderness for the woman whom he had brought to shame, he went in search of Belcour, to inquire whether she was safe, and whether the child lived. He found him immersed in dissipation, and could gain no other intelligence than that Charlotte had left him, and that he knew not what had become of her.

"I cannot believe it possible," said Montraville, "that a mind once so pure as Charlotte Temple's should so suddenly become the mansion of vice. Beware, Belcour," continued he, "if you have dared to behave either unjustly or dishonourably to that poor girl, your life shall pay the forfeit: I will revenge her cause."

He immediately went into the country, to the house where he had left Charlotte. It was desolate. After much inquiry, he at length found the servant girl who had lived with her. From her he learned the misery Charlotte had endured from the complicated evils of illness, poverty, and a broken heart; and that she had set out, on foot, for New York, one snowy evening, but she could inform him no further.

Tortured almost to madness by this shocking account, he returned to the city; but before he reached it, the evening was drawing to a close. In entering the town he was obliged to pass several small houses, the residence of poor women who supported themselves by washing the clothes of the officers and soldiers. He heard from neighbouring steeple a solemn sound, that seemed to say some poor mortal was going to his last mansion, which struck his heart, and he involuntarily stopped, when, from one of the houses, he saw the appearance of a funeral. Almost unknowing what he did, he followed at a small distance: and as they let the coffin into the grave, he inquired of a soldier who stood by, and had just wiped off a tear that did honour to his heart, who it was that was just buried. "An plase your honour," said the man, "'tis a poor girl that was brought from her friends by a cruel

man, who left her when she was big with child, and married another." Montraville stood motionless, and the soldier proceeded—"I met her myself one night, not a fortnight since, all wet and cold, in the street; she went to Madam Crayton's, but she would not take her in, and so the poor thing went raving mad." Montraville could bear no more; he struck his hands against his forehead with violence, and exclaiming, "Poor murdered Charlotte!" ran with precipitation towards the place where they were heaping the earth on her remains. "Hold, hold, one moment," said he—"close not the grave of the injured Charlotte Temple till I have taken vengeance on her murderer!"

"Rash young man," said Mr. Temple, "who art thou that thus disturbest the last mournful rites of the dead, and rudely breakest in upon the griefs of an afflicted father?"

"If thou art the father of Charlotte Temple," said he, gazing at him with mingled horror and amazement, "if thou art her father, I am Montraville!" then, falling on his knees, he continued,—"Here is my bosom; I bare it to receive the stroke I merit. Strike! strike now; and save me from the misery of reflection!"

"Alas!" said Mr. Temple, "if thou wert the seducer of my child, thy own reflections be thy punishment: I wrest not the power from the hand of Omnipotence. Look on that little heap of earth; there hast thou buried the only joy of a fond father. Look at it often; and may thy heart feel such true sorrow as shall merit the mercy of Heaven." He turned from him; and Montraville, starting from the ground where he had thrown himself, and that instant remembering the perfidy of Belcour, flew, like lightning, to his lodgings. Belcour was intoxicated; Montraville impetuous. They fought; and the sword of the latter entered the heart of his adversary. He fell, and expired almost instantly. Montraville had received a slight wound; and, overcome with the agitation of his mind and loss of blood, was carried, in a state of insensibility, to his distracted wife. A dangerous illnes and obstinate delirium ensued, during which he raved incessantly for Charlotte: but a strong constitution, and the tender assiduities of Julia, in time overcame the disorder. He recovered; but, to the end of his life, was subject to severe fits of melancholy; and, while he remained at New York, frequently retired to the churchyard, where he would weep over the grave, and regret the untimely fate, of the lovely Charlotte Temple.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Conclusion.

Shortly after the interment of his daughter, Mr. Temple, with his dear little charge and her nurse, set forward for England. It would be impossible to do justice to the meeting scene between him, his Lucy, and her aged father. Every heart of sensibility can easily conceive their feelings. After the first tumult of grief had subsided, Mrs. Temple gave up the chief of her time to her grandchild, and as she grew up and improved, began to almost fancy she again possessed her Charlotte.

It was about ten years after these painful events that Mr. and Mrs. Temple, having buried their father, were obliged to come to London on particular business, and brought the little Lucy with them. They had been walking one evening, when, on their return, they found a poor wretch sitting on the steps of their door. She attempted to rise as they approached; but, from extreme weakness, was unable, and, after several fruitless efforts, fell back in a fit. Mr. Temple was not one of those men who stand to consider whether, by assisting an object in distress, they shall not inconvenience themselves, but, instigated by the impulse of a noble feeling heart, immediately ordered her to be carried into the house, and proper restoratives applied.

She soon recovered; and, fixing her eyes on Mrs. Temple, cried, "You know not, Madam, what you do; you know not whom you are relieving, or you would curse me in the bitterness of your heart. Come not near me, Madam, I shall contaminate you. I am the viper that stung your peace. I am the woman who turned the poor Charlotte out to perish in the street. Heaven have mercy! I see her now," continued she, looking at Lucy; "such was the fair bud of innocence that my vile arts blasted ere it was half blown."

It was in vain that Mr. and Mrs. Temple entreated her to be composed, and to take some refreshment. She only drank half a glass of wine, and then told them that she had been separated from her husband seven years, the chief of which she had passed in riot, dissipation, and vice, till, overtaken by poverty and sickness, she had been reduced to part with every valuable, and thought only of ending her life in a prison, when a benevolent friend paid her debts, and released her; but that her illness increasing, she had no possible means of supporting herself, and her friends were weary of relieving her. "I have fasted," said she, "two days, and, last night, laid my aching head on the cold pavement; indeed it was but just that I should experience those miseries myself which I had unfeelingly inflicted on others."

Greatly as Mr. Temple had reason to detest Mrs. Crayton, he could not behold her in this distress without some emotions of pity. He gave her shelter that night beneath his hospitable roof, and the next day got her admission into an hospital, where, having lingered a few weeks, she died, a striking example that vice, however prosperous in the beginning, in the end leads only to misery and shame.

FINIS.

Correspondence.

Les sots que l'on bafoue,
Par un arrêt du ciel,
Sont, à prêter la joue,
Condamnés sans appel;
Voyez leurs plaisans thêmes,
Leurs noms, et leurs portraits,
Ce sont autant de traits,
Tous forgés contre eux mêmes.

A L'EDITEUR.

MONSIEUR,—Un pauvre homme, nommé *Gallus*, s'est mis en frais dans le dernier numéro du *Kaleidoscope*, pour exposer tout au long, ses droits à l'obscurantisme. Personne, je pense ne lui refusera cet honneur. A n'en douter, *Mr. Gallus* est professeur de littérature française, mais il est assez difficile de démêler dans son style, s'il est Français ou Anglais, car avec son esprit, on est de même force dans toutes les langues. *Mr. Gallus* tonne contre les innovations, et pourtant, il nous donne des choses tout à fait nouvelles, telles que; *personnes littéraires, réference, le nom dans l'impression, attaquer le caractère d'une personne*, &c. dont il voudra bien avoir la bonté de nous donner traduction, dans la prochaine feuille.

Grâce à la déclaration de foi de *Mr. Gallus*, l'on saura désormais, à qui s'adresser lorsque l'on, voudra un professeur qui ne soit ni docteur, ni savant, ni lettré, ni même instruit, car il dit expressément dans son épitre: "Mr. Un tel est docteur, il écrit en prose, et en vers, et se fait imprimer, donc, il faut bien se garder de le choisir pour maître. Moi, *Gallus*, je suis une pécore, comme on le voit très bien par mon nom qui se traduit, Coq d'Inde ou *Dindon*, donc, il faut prendre mes leçons pour me ressembler.

MASTIX.

Tide Table.

Days.	*Morn.*	*Even.*	*Height.*	*Festivals, &c.*
	h. m.	h. m.	ft. in.	
Tuesday ..19	7 21	7 55	12 3	
Wednesday20	8 26	8 53	12 7	Tran. of Edw. King of W.
Thursday..21	9 18	9 41	13 2	[Sax.
Friday 22	10 3	10 23	13 10	
Saturday..23	10 43	10 59	14 6	[St. John Baptist.
Sunday....24	11 17	11 34	15 2	2d Sun. after Trin. Nat. of
Monday ..25	11 50	——	15 6	In 15 days of H. T. 3 r.
Tuesday ..26	0 6	0 23	15 9	

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

SOLUTION TO STUDY CXLV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Knight.....G—4	1 Pawn .....A—5
2 Queen .....A—6	2 Pawn .....A—4
3 Castle .....B—7X	3 King .....C—8
4 Castle .....B—6X	4 King .....D—7
5 Queen .....B—7X	5 King .....E—8
6 Queen .....C—8X	6 King .....F—7
7 Pawn .....G—6X	MATE.

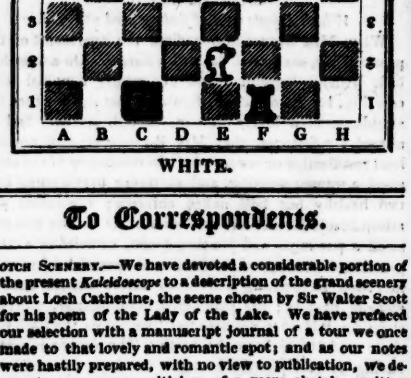
To compel the black to win.

1 Knight.....E—4	1 Pawn.....A—5
2 Knight.....C—3	2 Pawn.....A—4
3 Bishop.....E—4	3 Pawn.....A—3
4 Bishop.....G—6	4 Pawn.....A—2
5 Knt. (E 6) D—4	5 Pawn.....E—6
6 Bishop.. ...E—4	6 Pawn.....E—5
7 Castle .....C—8X	7 King .....A—7
8 Queen .....C—7X	8 King .....A—6
9 Queen .....B—7X	9 King .....A—5
10 Queen .....A—7X	10 King .....B—4
11 Queen . ...B—6X	11 King .....A—3
12 Castle .....C—4	12 Pawn.....D—4
13 Bishop.....D—3	13 Pawn .....C—3
14 Queen .....B—2	14 Pawn .....B—2X
	MATE.

STUDY CXLVI.

White to win with a pawn in six moves, without taking both the black castles.

Black.



WHITE.

To Correspondents.

SCOTCH SCENERY.—We have devoted a considerable portion of the present *Kaleidoscope* to a description of the grand scenery about Loch Catherine, the scene chosen by Sir Walter Scott for his poem of the Lady of the Lake. We have prefaced our selection with a manuscript journal of a tour we once made to that lovely and romantic spot; and as our notes were hastily prepared, with no view to publication, we deprecate any severe criticism of a mere sketch, written about twenty years since.

LIVERPOOL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The letter of a *Lover of Science and Truth* is reserved for our next.

THEATRICALS.—We did not receive the letter of *Delia* time enough to admit of perusal previously to our time of publication. We shall take it into consideration immediately.

MUSIC.—We have to acknowledge *S. W. J.'s* communication.

We have this instant received the favour of *W. B—n.*

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